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## Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "octE2003" (2003). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. Paper 916.  
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# Bard

## SNAPSHOT OF MAN CONFESSING INFATUATION, NO ONE LISTENING

Afraid the one  
I said was someone  
is someone else  
I waited  
by the gate  
to see who came

time after time  
it was that one  
again, the merchant  
of my matter  
in whose elegant  
premises  
am me again

senza te sola-  
mente ombra  
says the opera  
without you  
I'm only shadow  
but no music  
knows it

how many ways  
to cut the apple  
in half and still  
not see it, the one

who is waiting  
when I wait

you're supposed  
to see a star  
I woke and saw  
that one above me  
as it might be someone  
leaning on the sky

shall one not sleep  
in public, shall a rat  
have supper and a man  
stand up?

                    in marble  
niches old  
Athenians stored  
their gods, on  
marble benches  
many an obscure  
indecent dream  
came tumbling  
baroque because  
green or leafy?

20 October 2003

## **KSHATRIYA: THE TEMPERAMENT OF WARRIORS**

is kind —killing is just an accident of claim—  
and means to stay in contact with the given  
one's foothold new-splashed on the rocky beaches  
or possessing shadow now on alien lawn

'promoting change' big blue-faced Leicester  
rams with Roman noses at the fair  
their skinny legs are saplings in a cloud of leaves  
a copse of wool and then where should they go

one's business is to rescue one from sleep and pain  
and the love one gives one another is  
the fuel or energy on which they run, each sheep  
or other one, so good love turns a person out

to heal what one can and forgive the rest  
in ceaseless merchandise of contemplation  
meaning only to be in touch with everything  
and most of all some mind behind the changes.

20 October 2003

## PECUNIA

In the smallest island no mistake  
problems settle dew-wise on the larger  
when the turtle sleeps  
dazed by the fumes of new:

cosmologists in shiny cars  
drive their tenures through safari parks of number  
o rota Fortunae  
some people can't fall off

for why? because they are the wood  
of which Fortune made her wheel  
long long ago my babies  
when things still knew how to move

for money adheres to its system  
money is honest, money  
like running mercury consociates,  
consolidates, always runs together,

fluent in every language, admits  
no separation, money is dense,  
airy, particular and universal,  
money is obedient to every nature

with a perfection stone might envy,  
that water is still learning from,  
money has no weather, money  
loves its brothers and its sisters,

who makes a friend of money  
rules the world, money is the flesh  
of flesh, money is the breath  
from which music sings,

and all those years the fool I was  
sought to trap flies with vinegar,  
those sour Poundian dismays  
against usura when usura is Aurora

really, the morningstar of appetite  
and the blue of eternal touch,  
money is the dreaming princess  
in whose beauty sleep the world is made,

usura turns out to be at last  
the silver-sided name of karma,  
the lucid consequence of thingliness,  
the interstitial fluid of the world

and blood of barter, keen advantage  
and all the paintings on all the walls  
were money's gifts to the amazed beholder,  
poor children on field trips all through

the immeasurable museum.

21 October 2003

## **MIDNIGHT**

How my body is connected to the world.  
By underground tarsals the undamaged  
nervures of native leaves map my desire's  
network, each leaf comes to a point  
that language names 'you,' whereas  
there are so very many leaves.

21 October 2003

## **CAVEAT AMATOR**

I can let be gentle with the time  
the ease of falling  
or the case spring-feathered like a rose  
remembered, not as here a given,  
benumbed in a blue glass vase,  
never turn your back on a rose.

22 October 2003



## THE UNWINDING

1.

For I will turn black  
the edges of the rose

perilous rim  
where each animal  
meets its opposite art

cocooned in aura  
a thing quivers

trying always to stand  
still, fleet  
as a runaway deer  
over the hill

to find  
only a motionless  
condition

everything  
wants to stop  
we want to go on

2.

And that is why petals darken at the edge  
or will do, not now, the day after tomorrow,  
now they're safe, pink in the fresh wind of bought yesterday,

but a day will come for them  
worry worry the wolf at the throat and  
leaves fall,

century of murder  
like never other,

sparrowhawk  
holding hard in the wind beside the bridge  
the one thing left living in the world  
round-cruising sky vault to find a life

and that will be that,  
just one hawk left in the world  
fain on the upglide  
catching the morning sun, searching the sky  
and nothing left to kill.

That hawk is the last man.

22 October 2003

## **SHEIK SHELDRAKE**

Sheik Sheldrake at his listening post  
over the local Alps hears cries for help

But masters are not masters any more  
his mastery's asleep inside himself

mateless and forgetting. Sheik no sheik.

22 October 2003

## **BANDWIDTH, THE MORALITY**

words on screen not page  
they do not linger

unless you let them  
the grace of the medium

menstruum the particles  
array'd

pre-plexed to appear  
and they bend across your hour

surely this is time  
finally reclaim'd

whose tomb among the Saracens  
is honored to this day

now reborn  
between the mouse click and the swimming into view

the cosmologic pause  
over Damascus

and then I read you.

Because the screen is speculum,  
allows a second glance, look!

a mirror that shows the other!

an ode to the appearing, what  
sports or treasures

*ed amorosi*

luminously spilled.

23 October 2003

## ENEMY TACTICS

and some are just the mekhanê's defects.  
the false of word, like Faurisson's ill will

spill spatchcock time with brittle seeming—  
yes, you godlings capture Roosevelts of cunning,

ice boat under Barrytown dock  
when God made February

the rich shallow breathing in their rapture  
orgasm of a simple man

carpenter who makes from olive wood  
crucifixes you can live inside

o slide the drawer open  
and let me breathe the simplest words in

do you trust me, lady, after all  
you turned your back on my desire

then we survived again,  
lifeboat after lifeboat, raft of the Sedusa,

willimanticked neither you nor me,  
strange verbs the common does to us,

spaggaia, spaggeroumis,  
no word carried from the emptied throne,

spit and policy, I lectured about F. Bacon  
to a baffled audience

why should we care  
what you are any man  
has to say about  
some other? how  
dare you not be me  
and make me famous  
where you are?

the root of words must thou uncover,  
gender in Atlantis,  
survives only in the transgendered present  
the cryptic and the overt  
making four  
doors to go through to nowhere,

orgasms of a simple people,  
geese in the sky

no progress without a broken song  
sorry bone

repaired in music.

23 October 2003

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I have kept my distance  
till I became the world.

23 X 03



## **LOW CLIFFS**

a violet shadow  
walks southwest along my eye

the rising sun approximates  
the real, lonely on  
the street but only there

she lived nearby  
when I still trusted gravity  
and let myself fall.

23 October 2003

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I am supposed  
to want everything  
and what does that  
imply about you?

23 X 03

## BONY GRAPES

*for E.R.*

they clamber  
up the Rhineside hill  
to keen by winter,  
frost first then  
a slack sweet

shadow of ice  
lies on the tongue

you know  
where it is  
where the hand of  
fondled  
some small hour

as if touch  
were ever  
or enough

or by the water  
things wait  
their ladies

cats slink  
in clover.

24 October 2003

## TRAVEL

The usual clamming up before I go—  
is that the silence of these days  
anxiety ordinaire, that will let nothing out?

Hazardly inward only sparks —  
the rest is glum, all Brahms and no Beethoven.

Go nowhere. Be everywhere.

25 October 2003

## **THE TRUTH**

Having told all the truth  
now I can improvise

turn my hair black  
for your occasion  
and be an old cowboy  
at last looking

out over the vacancy  
I pretend is really mine

elusive desert  
that will not let me alone.

25 October 2003